

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." *Cowper.*

Vol. 16.

Boston, September, 1883.

No. 4.

Mr. Timmins reports to August 15th, 491
Bands of Mercy, with over 54,000 members.

New Bands.

Boston. The Second Reformed Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. D. McFall.
S., Miss Annie Greer.
T., Miss Jennie Stevenson.

Cambridge. The North Avenue M. E. Church Band of Mercy.

P., R. H. Woodland.
S., Mrs. R. H. Woodland.
T., Alex. Millan.

Lynn. Boston-St. M. E. Church Band of Mercy.

P., George O. Fall.
S., Mrs. E. H. Bubier.
T., Frank Hewlen.

Lynn. Central Church Congregational Band of Mercy.

P., E. L. Pease.
S., Miss Lottie F. Hill.
T., A. E. Aldrich.

Lynn. First Baptist Band of Mercy.

P., Deacon H. Haddock.
S. & T., Miss J. E. Thompson.

Lynn. First Congregational Church Band of Mercy.

P., J. W. Darsey.
S., Mrs. D. Austin.
T., B. Clifford.

Lynn. First M. E. Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. A. B. Kendig.
S., Miss M. A. Crocker.
T., Mr. Goodrich.

Mt. Auburn. Mt. Auburn Mission Band of Mercy.

P., H. Richards.
S., Miss Mary S. Gould.
T., W. Macurdy.

South Boston. Fourth-St. Presbyterian Church Band of Mercy.

P., Mr. Gilchrist.
S., Miss Jessie Wilson.
T., W. C. C. Matthews.

South Boston. The Dorchester-St. M. E. Church Band of Mercy.

P., Joseph York.
S., Miss Mattie Nicholls.
T., L. M. Herendeen.

Watertown. First Baptist Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. E. A. Capen.
S., Miss Ida Norcross.
T., J. H. Stone.

Watertown. Phillips Church Band of Mercy.

P., Deacon Morse.
S., Miss Eleanor S. Green.
T., Miss Laura Green.

Wellesley Hills. Wellesley Hills Band of Mercy.

P., Mrs. E. A. Grothusen.
S., S. Harris Austin.
T., Miss Kate Whiting.

Blue Island, Cook Co. Ill. Band of Mercy.

S., J. Barwick.

Ottawa, Franklin Co., Kansas. Ottawa Band of Mercy.

P., Miss May Dalm.

Cincinnati, Ohio. The Ohio State S. P. C. and S.

P. C. A. Band of Mercy.
P., Abner L. Frazer.

Wernersville, Pa. Mountain Park Band of Mercy.

P., Maud Walter.
S. and T., Bertie Walter.

Hampton, Va. Hampton Normal School Band of Mercy.

P., John H. Evans.

Our Pledge.

We want *above all things* to get every child into a society where they can be reached by humane influences and education, and we must have a pledge *which will not bar the way to even the worst, whom we need most to get hold of.*

So we use the words "try" and "harmless."

The fact that our pledge includes humans, the weak, the poor, the insane, the defenceless, as well as animals, requires no apology. It has already added tens of thousands, and will add hundreds of thousands, to our organization.

Hampton, Virginia, Normal School Band of Mercy.

We are very glad to announce that through the warm interest of General J. B. F. Marshall, Treasurer of the Hampton Normal Institute of Virginia, we have now a large Band of Mercy in that institution, which is the great training school for teachers of the freedmen throughout the south.

How to Keep Bands Alive.

Hold regular meetings once a month or oftener.

Let all repeat the pledge. In schools and Sunday schools this may be done every week. It will occupy only one minute.

Have one or more songs, or hymns, as the case may be.

Read one or more interesting stories, and if long ones let members take turns in reading.

Read or recite one or more poems.

Bring in pictures if you have them.

Ask and answer questions.

Hold union meetings of different Bands, when convenient, or have union Band of Mercy concerts, or picnics.

Read carefully the order of exercises we send to each Band, and *adopt* all you like.

For the first *ten* meetings, one of the *ten* interesting lessons on kindness to animals we send each Band, may be read as part of the exercises, and then questions asked and answered. This may be repeated each year. In many schools and Sunday schools these lessons are now used. It takes only about ten to fifteen minutes to read a lesson to the school, and ask the questions which follow. The ten lessons cost only two cents. We have for Sunday schools also a "Bible" lesson, containing passages of scripture, which cost one cent each.

Each number of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, which we send without charge to every Band of over forty, will contain enough interesting matter to occupy two entire meetings.

History of the American Bands of Mercy.

Mr. Timmins's beautiful History, if we may judge from letters received and personal expressions of pleasure, is widely doing a good work.

It is now, through the kindness of Mr. Sawyer, being sent to our foreign societies throughout the world. We have on our table various pleasant notices of the work cut from our leading papers. Several orders for it have come from England.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well to think.

—Emerson.

Music and Song.

We urge all our Bands to have songs and music at their meetings. Get the most appropriate you can. But have songs and music anyhow. Whitfield said that "the Devil had the best music." That is not true now, and must be less true hereafter. We must pour into our Bands of Mercy all the power of song and music.

When the splendid Band of Mercy of which Prof. Tourjee is president, was formed at our New England Conservatory of Music, at the close, the hundreds of singers composing it, led by the Professor and accompanied by the organ, gave, "The morning light is breaking," with a power that moved every heart.

The Band of Mercy Marching Hymn.

DEDICATED TO SAMUEL E. SAWYER, ESQ.,

BY THE REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Tune—"Glory! Hallelujah!" or "John Brown."

(Sung to the metre of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

Lift aloft our banner proudly; let its folds salute the sky;
We will sing our hymn of triumph; glory be to God on high!
Young and old are gladly joining, led on by sweet Mercy's cry.

Our Bands are marching on.

To protect the weak and helpless, to act kindly unto all,
Whether human or dumb creatures, high or low, or great, or small.
For right, gentleness and justice, for each one we loudly call.

God's Cause is marching on.

To prevent wrongs to all creatures, those that suffer to set free,
We'll use the might of truth and love, and win all from cruelty;
From bad words and deeds lives blighting, we will bid the thoughtless flee.

God's Right is marching on.

With our Bands we'll join all nations, with peace, mercy, right, and love,
Fill lives with joy and happiness, and lead on to heav'n above;
Scatter freely seeds of kindness, with the symbol of the dove.

God's Love is marching on.

Round the world our Bands are marching, guided by the Lord of Might:
The good, the kind, the merciful, serve Him best and most aright;
Then march on beneath our banners, and act nobly in His sight.

Our Bands are Marching on.

Chorus to each verse:

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Our Bands are marching on.

No. 2 Marching Hymn. Tune, "John Brown."

1. Bands of Mercy are now marching round the world.
2. Bands of Mercy teach all kindness, right and love.
3. Bands of Mercy prevent cruelty to all.
4. Join us bravely in the cause of truth and right.

Repeat each line three times, ending with "Our Bands are marching on," and Chorus of No. 1.

Cincinnati.

The following resolutions were passed at the July meeting of the Ohio S. P. C. A.:

Whereas, As the surest way to prevent cruelty is by the teaching of people, especially little children, the principles and practice of kindness and mercy; and,

Whereas, The Bands of Mercy which are now operating in England and Massachusetts, and elsewhere, under the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, are found to be effectual for the object:

Resolved, That this, the Ohio State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children, do adopt such Bands as part of our work, and that a committee be now appointed to organize and conduct Bands of Mercy, and that the said committee be authorized to add to its own number.

The Band of Mercy Hymn.DEDICATED TO GEORGE T. ANGELL, ESQ.,
BY THE REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Tune—"America," or "National Anthem."

1.

God help our loving Band,
Enable us to stand,
In Mercy's cause.
O give us great success
In work and righteousness,
Thy creatures all to bless,
And keep Thy laws.

2.

O may we ever find,
Sweet joy in being kind,
A happy Band.
We'll keep our Cards with care,
With Pledge so broad and fair,
And Badge of Mercy wear,
Throughout the land.

3.

O, all our hearts inspire
With heaven's own sacred fire,
To make us strong.
Thy Spirit's power we crave,
To make us true and brave,
And aid us those to save,
That suffer wrong.

4.

God bless our growing Bands,
Fulfilling Thy commands,
At Mercy's call.
O, grant Thy children grace,
Of every land and race,
To join before Thy face,
Love crowning all.

On to Victory.

BY MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE OF CHICAGO.

Air—"Hold the Fort."

Hearts of love with hands of mercy
Hear our joyful song;
Highest hill and lowest valley
Roll the words along.

Join our Bands; the word is spoken,
Mercy is our cry;
We will plead for voiceless creatures.
Victory is nigh!

See the countless bands of children
Marched on the plain;
Hear their happy voices ringing
In the grand refrain. *Chorus.*

Cruel acts and dire oppression
Soon will be no more:
We will bear the law of kindness
To the farthest shore. *Chorus.*

Come to-day, the world is moving!
Soon our eyes will see
Tenderness to all God's creatures.
Sound the jubilee! *Chorus.*

Blinders.

The question has often been asked, "Why do horses wear blinders?" We cannot answer the question. It seems to us that they are useless, ugly, and, to some extent, injurious to the eyesight. The most beautiful feature of the horse is its eye. If it were not "hid from our gaze," it would serve to denote sickness, pain, or pleasure. Many a time would a driver spare the whip on seeing the animal's imploring eye. The argument in favor of blinders is, we believe, that horses are afraid of passing carriages. This objection, if valid, is of little weight, as such timidity would soon be overcome. We trust, now the cruel check rein has been cast aside, that blinders will also be abandoned—a course which would, we feel assured, be attended with advantage to both man and horse.

—Lancet.

To Whom is the Credit Due for Starting the Work of Humane Education of Children?

We answer without hesitation: To the Almighty Creator of Heaven and Earth, by whose permission we live and breathe and have our being.

When and where was it begun? No man knows. But it was certainly encouraged by Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In 1869, DeSailly, a French schoolmaster at Algiers, wrote that he had been teaching *kindness to animals* in his school forty-six years, and had in 1867 organized a society of children. In 1864, Mr. Angell of Boston, America, provided by will that a part of his property after his death should be used to promote the teaching of children to be kind to animals.

In 1868, in the first numbers of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, he advocated its importance. In 1869 and 1870, he advocated it in England, on the continent, and at the World's Congress of Societies at Zurich, Switzerland, and urged the formation of "Ladies' Humane Educational Committees," and the giving of prizes for compositions in the schools.

In September, 1869, the Baroness Burdett Coutts wrote the *London Times* that she had promised to do all she could to promote this humane education, and soon after commenced forming the Ladies' Humane Educational Committee of England.

In December, 1875, Mrs. Catharine Smithies of London, started the first children's society in England, and gave it the name of "Band of Mercy." In its formation she was aided by her son, T. B. Smithies, Esq., and Mr. John Colam, the able and earnest Secretary of the Royal Society—and the Baroness Burdett Coutts, was to have been present, but was prevented by bad weather.

In a letter to Mr. Angell, dated December 20th, 1875, she announced its formation, and spoke of it as one fruit of the work of the Ladies' Humane Committee, but it is perfectly clear that Mrs. Smithies was the instrument under God in forming the first English "Band of Mercy."

In 1873, Mrs. Charles Willing of Philadelphia began those noble boys' societies in the schools of that city, which were the first on this continent. In 1878, a meeting was held in London, to form "The Fellowship of Animals Friends' Society."

On July 28th, 1882, was founded with prayer, in the offices of the Massachusetts Society P. C. to Animals, 96 Tremont St., Boston, the "American Band of Mercy," which at this writing, July 30, 1883, has four hundred and eighty one branches, reaching from Quebec to Puget's Sound, 1000 miles north of San Francisco. In June, 1883 [the present year], delegates from about fifty English Bands of Mercy met in London to form a permanent organization with uniform badges, &c.

To whom is the credit due? *Humanly speaking*, to many noble men and women, who have labored and given freely of their substance, but more truly speaking, to *Almighty God, creator of Heaven and Earth, by whom we live and breathe and have our being*, and to whom all who have been permitted to take part should feel profoundly grateful that He has chosen to move their hearts and use them as His instruments.

He is the truest friend of his race who makes it easier for the people to have virtuous and comfortable homes.

Sunday Schools.

Now and then we still hear the enquiry, "Why form a Band of Mercy in the Sunday School?"

"We are teaching mercy already."

But are you?

We have known Sunday-school children of Christian parents, catch live butterflies and other insects and pin them on their clothing. Is that right? We have heard that Sunday-school boys sometimes shoot mother-birds in spring time and leave their young to die of starvation. Is that right? We are quite sure that Sunday-school boys often inflict wanton cruelty on such harmless and useful creatures as toads, frogs and the like, and we have heard of caged canary birds dying in Christian homes from want of proper care and thoughtfulness. Are not all these God's creatures? and are we not responsible to Him for their treatment? and is it not a part of the gospel of Him without whose knowledge, we are told "not a sparrow falleth to the ground," to teach mercy to all these? And where can it be better taught than in the Sunday-school?

Finding the Trail.

Here in the shadow of this grim mountain is a camp of cavalry—200 men in faded and ragged blue uniforms, every face sunburned and bronzed, every sabre and carbine showing long use, every horse lifting its head from the grass at short intervals for a swift glance up and down the valley.

Here, at the foot of the mountain, the Apache trail, which has been followed for three days, has been lost. It is as if the white men had followed a path which suddenly ended at a precipice. From this point the red demons took wings, and the oldest trailer is at fault.

The men on picket looked up and down the narrow valley with anxious faces. Down the valley, a mile away, a solitary wild horse paws and prances and utters shrill neighs of wonderment and alarm. Up the valley is a long stretch of green grass, the earth as level as a floor and no visible sign of life. The pines and shrubs and rocks on the mountain side might hide 10,000 Indians, but there is not the slightest movement to arouse suspicion. It is a still, hot day. Not a bird chirps, not a branch waves. The eye of a lynx could detect nothing beyond the erratic movements of the lone wild horse adown the valley, and the circular flight of an eagle so high in the air that the proud bird seemed no larger than a sparrow.

For an hour every man and horse has looked for "signs," but nothing has been discovered beyond what has been described. *It is a lost trail.* There is something in it to arouse suspicion as well as annoyance. Ten miles away the trail was as plain as a country highway, and the Indians had no suspicion of pursuit. Five miles back there were signs of commotion. Here, in the centre of the valley, every footprint suddenly disappears.

Look, now! A sergeant rides down the valley, followed by five troopers. They are to scout for the lost trail. Every man has unslung his carbine, every saddle-girth has been tightened, and every man of the six looks over the camp as he rides out as if he had been told that he was bidding a last farewell to comrades. They ride at a slow gallop. Each man casts swift glances along the mountain side to his right—along the mountain side to his left—at the green grass under his horse's feet.

What's that? Afar up the slope to the right something waves to and fro for a moment. Higher up the signal is answered. Across the valley on the other slope it is answered again. Down the valley a full two miles beyond where the wild horse now stands like a figure of stone, and where the valley sweeps to the right like the sudden turn of the river, the signal is caught up and 200 Apaches, eager, excited and mounted, draw back into the fringe at the base of the mountain and wait.

The little band gallop straight down upon the lone horse. Now they are only half a mile away, and his breath comes quick and his nostrils quiver as he stands

and stares at the strange spectacle. A little nearer and his muscles twitch and quiver and his sharp-pointed ears work faster. Only eighty rods now, and with a fierce snort of alarm and defiance he rears up, whirls about like a top, and is off down the valley like an arrow sent by a strong hand. The sight may thrill, but it does not increase the pace of those who follow. The men see the wild horse fleeing before them, but the sight does not hold their eyes more than a second. To the right—to the left—above them—down the valley—they are looking for a hoof-print, for a trampled spot, for a broken twig—for a sign however insignificant to prove that men have passed that way. They find nothing. The signals up the mountain side were visible only for a few seconds.

After the first wild burst of speed the lone horse looks back. He sees that he is not being pushed, and he recovers courage. He no longer runs in a straight line, but he sweeps away to the left—swerves away to the right, and changes his gait to a trot. When he hears the shouts of pursuit and the louder thump of the hoof-beats he will strighten away and show the pursuers a gait which nothing but a whirlwind can equal.

Look! It is only a quarter of a mile now to the turn in the valley. The lone horse has suddenly stopped to sniff the air. His ears are pointed straight ahead, his eyes grow larger and take on a frightened look and he half wheels as if he would gallop back to those who have seemingly pursued. Five, eight, ten seconds, and with a snort of alarm he breaks into a terrific run, takes the extreme left of the valley, and goes tearing out of sight as if followed by lions.

"Halt!"

The grim sergeant sees "signs" in the actions of the horse. Every trooper is looking ahead and to the right. The green valley runs into the fringe, the fringe into dense thicket, the thicket into rock and pine and mountain slope. No eye can penetrate that fringe. The Indians may be in ambush there, or the horse may have scented wolf or grizzly.

"Forward!"

No man knows what danger lurks in the fringe, but the order was to scout beyond the bend. To disobey is disgrace; to ride forward is—wait! There is no air stirring in the valley. Every limb and bough is as still as if made of iron. There is a silence which weighs like a heavy burden, and the harsh note of hawk or buzzard would be a relief.

Here is the bend. The valley continues as before—no wider—no narrower—level and unbroken. The wild horse was out of sight long ago, and the six troopers see nothing but the green grass as their eyes sweep the valley from side to side.

"Turn the bend and ride down the valley for a mile or so and keep your eyes open to discover any pass leading out."

"Halt."

It is more than a mile beyond the bend. No pass has been discovered. No signs of a trail have been picked up. The sergeant has raised himself up for a long and careful scrutiny, when an exclamation causes him to turn his face up the valley. Out from the fringe ride the demons who have been lurking there to drink blood. Five—ten—twenty—fifty—the line has no end. It stretches clear across the valley before a word has been spoken. Then it faces to the right and 200 Indians in a war paint face the grim old sergeant and his five troopers.

"Into line—right dress!"

It is the sergeant who whispers the order. Six to 200, but he will face the danger. To retreat down the valley is to be overtaken one by one and shot from the saddle or reserved for torture. Down the valley there is no hope; up the valley is the camp and rescue. The two lines face each other for a moment without a movement.

"Now, men, one volley—sling carbines—draw sabres and charge!"

A sheet of flame—a roar—a cloud of smoke, and the six horses spring forward. Then there is a grand yell, a rush by every horse and rider, and a whirlpool begins to circle. Sabres flash and clang—arrows whistle—revolvers pop—voices shout and scream, and then the whirlpool ceases. It is not three minutes since the first carbine was fired, but the tragedy has ended. Every trooper is down

and scalped, half a dozen redskins are dead or dying, a dozen horses are struggling or staggering, and turning the bend at a mad gallop is the sergeant's riderless horse. He carries an arrow on his shoulder, and there is blood on the saddle. In five minutes he will be in camp, and tell that the lost trail has been found.

—Detroit Free Press.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota says that the British Government has never spent a single dollar in fighting the Indians north of the United States line. We have expended up to June, 1882, more than a hundred millions.

The Quaker Colony of Pennsylvania for seventy years lived in perfect peace with the Indian Tribes. Major General Harney testified before a Congressional Committee that he had never known an Indian tribe break its word with the Government, and he had never known the Government keep its faith with an Indian tribe. Such facts as these should be taught in our schools, to offset the dime novels that incite boys to think it praiseworthy to murder Indians. War is a terrible thing for horses as well as men.

—Ed.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys;
What loud lament and dismal misereere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forests roars the Norsemen's
song;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;
And Aztec priests, upon their Teocallis,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wall of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell—the gateway wrenched asunder—
The rattling musketry—the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man! with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

A French naturalist says: "The Almighty created birds to protect the grain, vegetables, trees and fruits against the ravages of the insect tribe. For every bird that dies, millions of insects are spared from death, and millions of insects mean famine."

The *Home Guardian* says this is a true story. Three crows were watching a dog eating a piece of meat, and tried to snatch it, but in vain. They then flew off a short distance, and seemed to be consulting. Then they flew back, and two went as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a sharp bite. Of course he turned with a yelp, when the two seized the meat and rose in the air, and the three crows eat it on a wall.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1883.

The Directors' August Meeting

was held on Wednesday, the 15th, President Angell in the chair.

The President reported that office agents had dealt with 154 cases of cruelty during the month. There are now 486 Bands of Mercy, with about 54,000 members.

Col. Henry S. Russell had offered \$150 prizes for best drivers of team horses.

A valuable oil-painting of Mrs. Catharine Smithies, founder of the Band of Mercy movement in England, had been received and could be seen at the offices.

Votes of thanks were passed to a generous supporter of our cause, Miss Smithies of London, England, and Col. Henry S. Russell.

Votes Passed by the Directors.

Voted. That the thanks of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be hereby given to Miss Smithies, of London, England, for the beautiful and valuable oil painting of her late mother, Mrs. Catharine Smithies, founder of the Band of Mercy movement in England, recently presented to this Society by her and her brother.

Voted. That we hereby extend our kindest sympathy to Miss Smithies in the great affliction which has come to her through the loss of her brother, and our and the dumb animals' friend, who so recently joined with her in sending this beautiful gift.

Voted. That the thanks of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be presented to Col. Henry S. Russell for his generous gift of \$150, to be used in prizes to the best drivers of dray horses.

Voted. That the thanks of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be returned, through Mr. A. Firth, Secretary of the American Humane Association, to "the generous supporter of our cause," who has presented us, through him, eighteen sets of beautiful motto cards.

Depot Carriages and Check Reins.

At many of the railroad depots in large towns will be found depot carriage horses that give every sign of too much work and too little food, and some of these poor creatures have tight check reins which add to their toil and suffering. Now, we wish to ask the friends of horses, and particularly our fifty to sixty thousand Band of Mercy members, to make it a rule never to enter, when it can possibly be avoided, any depot carriage drawn by such horses. Always look at the horses, and tell the drivers plainly that it is your rule to patronize the carriage that has the best horses. Some of our Newport friends last summer declined to ride after horses checked up, and in consequence check-reins were soon dropped from public carriage horses. Deal with the horses in this matter as you would be glad to be dealt with if you were a horse.

A beautiful photograph of Mrs. Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, hangs in our office.

Mrs. Catharine Smithies.

A very large and beautiful oil painting of this excellent lady, founder of the *English Band of Mercy movement*, presented, in a costly gold gilt frame, to the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., by her son, T. B. Smithies, Esq., the eminent London publisher, and his sister, now hangs in a conspicuous position in our offices, in the room where the *American Band of Mercy movement* was founded, and from which its thoughts have gone, and are going, forth on their mission of mercy, over this great continent.

T. B. Smithies of London.

Another distinguished friend of our cause has crossed the river. On July 23d we received a kind letter from Mr. Smithies, accompanying the oil painting of his mother, as mentioned in another column, and now, on August 7th, two weeks later, we find in Boston papers a telegram that he is dead.

Mr. Smithies was 68 years of age, was widely known in Great Britain as publisher of the *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, and various other publications of large circulation, and also in his various and wide connections with philanthropic and religious work. He was a very influential director of the Royal Society P. C. A., and the only son of Mrs. Catharine Smithies, founder of the Band of Mercy movement in England. Through him and his excellent mother, came the interviews between President Angell and the Baroness Burdett Coutts, which led to the formation of the Ladies' Humane Educational Committee of the Royal Society, with all the excellent work it has since accomplished. By his kindness, this paper was supplied for some years without charge, with the beautiful cuts which made its columns more attractive. Recently he has entered with great earnestness into the founding of Bands of Mercy in England, and now he has gone to join that great Band of Mercy on the other shore, in which he will again meet the mother whose picture looks down upon us as we write these words. Our thoughts and heart-felt sympathies go out across the ocean for the sister left alone. May her future life, until she too shall cross the river, be full of the consolations which strengthen and sustain!

August 4th, 5th and 6th, Mrs. Rev. Dr. J. C. Lord of Buffalo, Honorary Life President of the Buffalo Society P. C. A., accompanied by Miss Lucy S. and Emily B. Lord, were in Boston looking over our city and conferring with our President and other officers. They have in view a grand humane work in Buffalo the coming autumn and winter. It has been a real pleasure to meet and compare notes with these excellent, earnest, influential and practical ladies.

Lowell, Mass.

On July 29th, Rev. E. A. Smith [Meth. Epis.] preached a very interesting sermon on "Our Dumb Animals." In the evening there was a largely attended concert in the same church, at which Mr. C. H. Philbrick, Lowell agent of the Mass. S. P. C. A., gave an account of cruelties he had been called upon to remedy. The various Lowell papers gave interesting reports of these meetings.

England.

By interesting report of John Colam, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society P. C. A., just received, we see that the Society's agents obtained last year 4,481 convictions in the courts, and 18,659 compositions on "Kindness to Animals" have been written in London schools for the Society's prizes.

The Ladies' Committee have taken in charge the English Band of Mercy movement. A badge for the Bands has been designed under the personal direction of the Queen, and a monthly illustrated journal is to be published, named "The Band of Mercy."

Mr. Colam says this movement is immensely popular among children. Twenty-six persons in England and Scotland, licensed to perform vivisection, report that they have performed 406 experiments during 1882, but Mr. Colam seems doubtful whether this is a correct report.

Illinois Humane Society.

We were glad to receive a few days since a friendly call from President Shortall, and we are glad to learn from the July number of the *Illinois Humane Journal*, published by our friend A. W. Landon [and which by the way has wood-cuts of Mr. Charles L. Heywood, Miss Louise W. King and President Brown] of the good work being done by that Society, and of its present and prospective Bands of Mercy. We advise our friends to subscribe for this humane paper as well as our own, and give it a wide circulation.

Providence, R. I.

We are glad to see that the live secretary of the Rhode Island S. P. C. A., Mr. F. Denison, has presented that Society with a beautiful sign for their offices, and we are still more glad to see that within the past eight months since he became secretary, the society has added to its roll over four hundred new members.

Through the kindness of one of our Directors, Col. Henry S. Russell, we shall be able in October OUR DUMB ANIMALS to offer \$150 in prizes to the best drivers of teams of dray horses.

An Important Award.

Messrs. Edwin Lee Brown of Chicago, and Abraham Firth and Mrs. William Appleton, of this city, comprising a committee of the American Humane Association intrusted with the \$5000 fund for the improvement of the condition of animals, have awarded the gold medal to the Burton stock car, the invention of a Boston man and the property of the company bearing its name. The trophy is a handsome affair, suitably inscribed, and is highly prized by the fortunate recipients. In a letter accompanying the award, the committee speak in very flattering terms of the car, and, alluding to a test made under the supervision of a Massachusetts society agent, add that "there certainly is no longer an excuse for the horrors of live stock transportation in the ordinary box cars." The fund offered by this society has long acted as a powerful stimulus to inventors, and the beneficial results have long since been manifested in numerous ingenious efforts in behalf of "our dumb animals."

—*Boston Herald, Aug. 11.*

California.

The San Francisco Society has prosecuted 218 cases during the year; remedied, without, 495; killed 41 animals; taken from work, 566. Joseph W. Winans is president, and Nathaniel Hunter secretary.

Rosa Bonheur.

About forty years ago, at an exhibition of paintings in Paris, two small pictures attracted great attention. One was called, "Goats and Sheep;" the other, "Two Rabbits."

They were wonderfully true to life; and what made them still more remarkable was, that they were the production of a girl only nineteen years old. That young French girl, Rosalie Bonheur, is now the famous artist known the world over as "Rosa Bonheur."

She was born in Bordeaux, in 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was an artist of much merit, and he was her first teacher. From earliest youth she had a great fondness for animals, and delighted in studying their habits.

So, naturally enough, she made animals the subjects of her pictures, and it is in this peculiar department of art that she has become eminent. Her works are quite numerous and widely known. One of the most famous is her "Horse-Fair," which was the chief attraction of the Paris Exhibition in 1853.

She is still practising her art; and in addition to that she is the directress of a gratuitous "School of Design" for young girls. When Paris was besieged by the Prussians, the studio and residence of Rosa Bonheur were spared and respected by special order of the crown-prince. Auguste Bonheur, a younger sister of Rosa, and one of her pupils, has also gained a high reputation as an artist. She, too, excels as a painter of animals. We give as a frontispiece to this number an engraving of one of her pictures, and we will let the picture tell its own story.

It is a work that would do credit to the famous Rosa herself.

Be a lamp in the chamber,
if you cannot be a star in the sky.

—S. Coley.

Motto Cards.

We have received from A. Firth Esq., secretary of the American Humane Association, three beautiful motto cards that have been sent to the various societies, and can be seen at our offices. They can be ordered from J. H. Bufford & Sons, 39 Federal st., Boston, at fifty cents for the three. One has a dog's head and the words, "Blessed are the merciful," another a bird and "Not one sparrow is forgotten before God," and the third a horse's head and, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." The cards have been printed, and are sent to the societies at the expense of a friend of animals. They measure about nine inches broad and eighteen long.

Modern Politeness.

We saw a specimen of modern politeness, the other day. Two gentlemen were going up in an elevator. A lady came aboard, and both men took off their hats, but continued to puff the smoke of their cigars in her face.

*Mrs. Robin and her Daughters.*

BY MRS. A. B. CHENEY.

Mrs. Robin, who lovely daughters had three,
Dwelt up in the top of an apple tree,
And her house was nice as house could be.

Just over the wall was a garden too,
Where cherries and currants and strawberries grew;
So to feed her fair brood was easy to do.

Her daughters, now nearly young ladies are grown,
And soon from her motherly care will have flown,
To live in some nice little nests of their own.

Mrs. Robin said thus to her daughters one day,
"Go dress yourselves up in your finest array,
For we have some genteel visits to pay."

They had beautiful suits of a golden brown,
And yellow silk stockings from knees quite down,
And with cardinal vests their bosoms were bound.

Mrs. Robin felt proud, very proud, no doubt,
As she looked at them all, and turned them about;
So in highest of spirits they all sallied out.

They first made a call on their friend Mrs. Wren,
Who lived on the edge of a neighboring fen,
And was "very much pleased to see them again."

Queer Conveyances.

Some birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean sea on the backs of larger and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out and they would drop in the water. Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railroad station. With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes,—those who go and those who stay. No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way. By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time. Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.

—Lavinia S. Goodwin

The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.

Then next in their order of visits to follow,
They knocked at a door in a sand bank's hollow,
To ask for the health of old Mrs. Swallow.
They tarried here only the space of a minute,
Then called on the aristocratic Miss Linnet,
Who sang them old ballads, and played on a spinnet.
Miss Linnet made boast of her "grand familiee."
Her father, she said, was an ancient grandee.
Whose wife a Canary had happened to be.
Mrs. Robin then, smiling her most brilliant smile,
(Resolved she would never be outdone in style,)
Said, "she too had friends who were quite worth
one's while."

She tossed up her head as glibly she told,
Of her uncle, the great Mr. Oriole,
Who lived at the south, and was rolling in gold.

"So highly he thinks of my daughters, you know,
He's invited them all to his grand old chateau
Their winter to spend, and quite soon they will go."

So they gossiped and talked as the ladies will do,
Till, very much tired, straight homeward they flew;
And now bid "good morning" to me and you.

—Little Cottager

Cruelty of the Cowboys.

CATTLE-BREEDING ON THE PLAINS.—A SCHOOL OF RUFFIANS.—BARBARITIES TO DUMB ANIMALS FOR THE PROFIT OF CHRISTIAN OWNERS.

The history of cattle-breeding on the plains and in the mountain valleys is one of cruelty to dumb animals. Thousands and thousands of cattle are annually frozen and starved to death on these wind-swept plains, because their owners believe and assert that it is cheaper to have them die than to provide food and shelter. Of the wickedness of the men who assume charge of horned stock and drive them into a country where numbers of them starve to death, or die of raging thirst in the winter, when the water holes are frozen, or freeze to death during Arctic-like storms, I have something to say. If a farmer living in the valley of the Hudson should treat his stock as cattle are treated on the plains, a howl of indignation would resound throughout the Empire state, and the inhuman owner would be taught that animals have rights, and that ownership does not give the right to torture. All men who have in the spring, seen the weak, thin cows of the plains—cows that have raised calves and bear another—standing shivering with hanging heads, and with the death stare in their sunken eyes, in the lee of willow bushes, or by wide-spread rails in fences, seeking protection from the cutting northern blasts, have had their hearts wrung. These cows are patiently waiting for the kind hand of death to release them from the cruel ownership of inhuman man. Their dead carcasses mutely protest against the outrageous abuse of ownership that is practised on the grazing-grounds at the west.

Men who cheerfully, yes, eagerly, assist by word of mouth and gifts of money in suppressing all exhibitions of cruelty to animals in the streets of New York, embark in enterprises of cattle-breeding on the plains, where more cruelty is practised in one day in a single herd than is witnessed in all the streets of all the cities of the union in a year. The cattle-breeding companies that are now springing into corporate existence all over this country should be incorporated as "The Great Western Cattle-Torturing Company, incorporated for the purpose of starving, freezing, and killing weak cattle by thirst, in arid regions of high altitude and intense cold, in the hope that the stronger cattle, that are able to withstand the abuse, grazing on untaxed ground, will profitably pay the investors."

I have seen blizzards on the plains that swept through a man who was clad in heavy woollens and fur overgarments as though he were dressed in tarlatan. I have known parties of buffalo-hunters, men used to hardship, and whose stomachs were filled with buffalo marrow, and who were wrapped in blankets and robes, to freeze to death in their wagons while endeavoring to escape from the unendurable, icy blasts of an Arctic-like blizzard. Cattle, weak and ill-fated on frost bitten grass, disappear before these storms. They drift with the wind. As they pass by, the air is filled with the sound of their mournful moaning. They wander staggering along over the trackless plains, vainly endeavoring to find water with which to quench the intense thirst produced by exceedingly cold weather. The water holes are frozen. The weaker cattle drop out of the herd, and lie down to die.

The reported losses of 3, 4, or 5 per cent. of a cattle brand during winter storms is thankfully received by the eastern owners. It does not represent a large loss of money. I do not believe that there has ever been a herd of cattle wintered on the plains, where no provision was made for food for them, that did not lose much more than the reported loss. I speak of stock cattle, not of brands of picked steers; and I would not believe the reports if all the cruel men who insure cattle lying on the range between the Rio Grande and the Saskatchewan rivers swore to them. I have known entire herds to be lost. Of one herd of one thousand heaves, not a single one survived the winter of 1871-2 in Kansas. No herd that I knew of lost less than 33 per cent., and the majority of stock-men lost over 66 per cent. during the cold winter. In the spring of 1880 I saw thousands of dead cattle and sheep lying on the banks of the Arkansas river. The number of cattle lost during the winter of 1879-80 was enormous; and the suffering of the cattle that preceded that loss, what of that?

No man of sensibility could possibly enjoy money earned by the sufferings of dumb animals committed to

his care. Ownership of cattle implies more than the pocketing of the profits of a herd. It implies, imperatively implies, protective care of the animals. I have seen cattle during cold spells, when the life-sustaining water was ice-bound, gather around their accustomed watering-places and moan for a drink. Some of these thirsty cattle, that were too weak to search for running water, would stupidly stand around the frozen pools until they fell and died. I have opened some of these cattle, and in all cases found the contents of their stomachs a hard, cake-like mass, and the stomachs highly inflamed. The suffering these poor creatures endured before death relieved them must have been frightful. They were crazy with pain. As long as they had sufficient strength to stand they attacked every man who ventured near them. I have seen cows so weak that they staggered as they walked, give birth to calves in the most sheltered spot they could in their weak condition find. After the exhaustion of labor they arose and lovingly licked their offspring dry. This act performed, they braced themselves and coaxed the calf to nurse. Then, lying down, reaction occurred. The first flush of maternity had passed, and they were unable to again rise. The starving calves bleated pitifully around their dying mothers. In answer to the calls of their young, the mothers repeatedly endeavored to arise. They were so weak that when they were partially up they pitched forward on their heads. They struggled and struggled until the skin was rubbed off their chins and fore-knees. They died trying to perform their duty. The human brutes who live in the log cabins that stand by the banks of creeks that flow through the plains did not perform theirs. They regretted the loss of money that represented the value of the cow. That was all.

Is it a matter of surprise that cowboys are cruel and brutal? It is but a step from cruelty to dumb animals to murderous brutality toward unresisting men. I think I hear it exclaimed that gentlemen who are noted for their humanity engage in breeding cattle on the plains. Do they? A man who deliberately abuses cattle, who buys a brand with the avowed intention of allowing a portion to starve because it is cheaper to lose some than to feed all, who for the sake of a pecuniary gain, premeditates a murderous act of cruelty toward unresisting animals, may have the manners and speech of a gentleman, but a humane gentleman he is not.

—*Cor. New York Sun.*

What is the remedy for this terrible wrong? There is only one. A humane education of the American people that shall reach over the plains of Texas and the prairies of the great West, a humane uprising of public sentiment all over this country. How shall we obtain it? Let the 481 Bands of Mercy formed the first year, be 4,081 the second. Let every humane man and woman in the country join and aid them.

—*Ed.*

A Society Needed.

At Centreville, Ark., a wager was made as to the endurance of a tough mule. The trial drew a crowd, and the betting was heavy. The treadmill of a threshing machine was used, the mule being fastened in it and compelled to walk without rest. Whenever he was inclined to stop he was goaded to keep him moving. He was not allowed food or water. For over three days the beast walked, when he finally fell to die.

—*North Carolina paper.*

Shut the Door.

Two gentlemen sat near the door of a rail-car on a cold morning. A young man went out leaving the door ajar. One of the gentlemen rose and shut it, and then said: "This makes twice that I have shut this door after that man during the last few minutes. Somebody will probably have to do it for him as long as he lives."

What an amount of work just in shutting doors will this young man impose on others during his life! Boys, shut the door after you! It is selfish and mean to take advantage of other people by making them do your work for you.

Chicken Talk.

"I didn't!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.
 "How do you know?—you were fast asleep."
 "I was under Mammy's wing,
 Stretching my legs like anything,
 When all of a sudden I turned around,
 For close beside me I heard a sound—
 A little tip, and a little tap."
 "Diddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,
 And, when you were half-awake,
 Heard an icicle somewhere break."
 "What's an icicle?" "I don't know;
 Rooster tells about ice and snow,
 Something that is n't as good as meal,
 That drops down on you and makes you squeal."
 "Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!
 And think you didn't come out of an egg!
 I tell you I heard the old shell break,
 And the first small noise you ever could make;
 And Mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
 And pushed us further out of the nest,
 Just to make room enough for you;
 And there's your shell—I say it's true!"
 Chip looked over his shoulder then,
 And there it lay by the old gray hen—
 Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
 And he was a ball of yellow down,
 Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
 With the prettiest bill and the blackest eye.
 "H'm!" said he, with a little perk,
 "That is a wonderful piece of work!
 Peep, you silly! don't you see,
 That shell isn't near as big as me?
 Whatever you say, Miss, I declare
 I never, never, could get in there!"
 "You did!" says Peep. "I didn't!" says Chip;
 With that he gave her a horrid nip.
 And Peep began to dance and peck,
 And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
 They pranced and struck, and capered about,
 Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
 As angry as two small chicks could be,
 Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
 She cackled and clucked, and called in vain—
 At it they went with might and main—
 Till, at last, the old hen used her beak,
 And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
 Staggered off on either side,
 With a very funny skip and stride.
 "What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
 When she heard the story told again;
 "You're bad as the two legs that don't have wings,
 Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
 That's the way they fight and talk
 For what isn't worth a mullin-stalk.
 What does it matter, I'd like to know,
 Where you came from, or where you go?
 Keep your temper and earn your food;
 I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
 I won't have quarrels—I will have peace;
 I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
 Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
 The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
 And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
 And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"

We have received from Ralph H. Park & Co., publishers, Hartford, Conn., two beautiful volumes, of about a thousand pages, entitled "The American Farmer." These volumes are edited by Hon. Charles L. Flint of Boston, formerly Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, which is sufficient to indicate that they will be of great value to farmers and others who cultivate land; and we are informed that orders already received ensure them a large sale. We are glad to see in them a chapter upon the importance of treating animals kindly, and telling how to kill domestic animals humanely. This chapter ought to protect many animals from cruelty.

Ways of Cruelty.

Hon. Thomas E. Hill of the Hill Standard Book Co., 109 State st., Chicago, has printed a valuable little publication under the above title, containing with reading matter, 27 small cuts illustrating cruelty and kindness. It sells at \$2.50 per hundred, and may be ordered directly from Mr. Hill, or the *Illinois Humane Journal*, 126 Washington st., Chicago, or at this office. We expect to say more about this next month. Mr. Hill is vice-president of the Illinois Humane Society, deeply interested in our work, and publishes this book to do good, not to make money.

Harvard Veterinary School.

The hospital of the Harvard School of Veterinary Medicine is now practically completed, and will be ready for occupancy before the end of the week. A few dogs have already been received as patients, and several horses will be taken there in a day or two. The building itself, a handsome brick structure, in style a modern application of round arch Gothic, is at the corner of Village and Lucas streets, Boston, and in point of accommodation for sick beasts is as near perfect as can be. On the first floor, at the left, are the offices of the surgeon in charge, Mr. Charles P. Lyman, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, and the assistant surgeon, Mr. Robert H. Harrison, D. V. S., of Lowell. Around the sides are six ordinary stalls and four box stalls, one of the latter being padded and grated for the use of violent patients. The drainage of these stalls is perfect, and the floor, made of rock asphalt, is entirely impervious to water, so that it can be washed perfectly clean with hose. The centre of the first floor is designed for an operating room. This operating room, extending in height from the ground to the roof, and covered at the top by an immense window, has the strongest light and the best ventilation possible. Windows open into all the other stories so that a large number of students can view the operations below. The animals will be carried to the upper stories by an elevator at the entrance, but as an additional exit in case of fire an inclined plane of tan has also been provided. On the second floor is the dog room with operating table, the grooms' room, where grooms will be on hand night and day; the drug room, and several wide stalls and box stalls. The third floor comprises the hay and grain room, a carriage room, and the chamber of the surgeon, who will thus be ready at a moment's call, both night and day. The basement is devoted to the use of cows and other animals, and also contains the forge room or blacksmith shop. The entire building is heated by steam, each floor lighted with gas, and all the rooms connected with the surgeon's office by electric call bells and speaking tubes. The hospital is also connected by telephone with the centre office.

There are several veterinary hospitals in this country, but they are in many respects different from the Harvard hospital. The perfect arrangements for light, ventilation and drainage, render this hospital a model establishment. Lame, sick or wounded horses, cattle, sheep and dogs will be received as patients, and in cases of chronic diseases, the buildings and pastures of the Bussey Farm, West Roxbury, will be at the service of the school. As the hospital is dependent upon its earnings for its existence, fees must be paid for accommodations, but on Tuesdays and Fridays at 2 o'clock free clinics will be held. The surgeons will also visit animals away from the hospital when desired. The school will, without doubt, be a success in every way, as the number of students who enter this fall is much larger than was expected, while applications for the accommodation of animals, sufficient in number to more than fill the stable, have already been received.

Cambridge Press, Aug. 4, 1883.

About Birds.

"Eighty leagues in sixty minutes! How is that for speed? The 'swifts' do this, and you will acknowledge that if to live is to move, act, and travel, then birds live more in the space of time than any other creature."

"A bird is a model ship—the breast bone is like the pointed keel, the wings are the oars, the tail is the rudder. Their bones and feathers are hollow tubes filled with air, and all between the muscles are air-cells, which buoy them up, and even the feathers are laid in the right direction to assist their speed!"

Thus, without stopping for breath, did my two youngsters pour out the intelligence they had gained from a visit with their teacher to the "Zoo."

"Yes, and good walkers are bad flyers, and good flyers are bad walkers; and those, like owls, who can't see well can hear best, and those who have the plainest coats sing best, and their voices can be heard farther than a lion's roar!"

This gush of wonders? What would come next?

"They can see so far and feel the least touch if the wind changes, and hear everything. Oh! we can't tell you all they can do!"

"If you will let me I will tell you something I have just been reading about birds," I said quietly, hoping to reduce their excitement.

They leaned on my lap, expectation within their open mouths and brilliant eyes.

"The very 'swifts' you mentioned possess such exquisite keenness of sight that they can see a gnat—almost the smallest visible thing—500 yards away; think of it, 1,500 feet! Belons, the naturalist, tells us this. The kite, higher up in the air than we can pretend to see it, will spot a minnow rising on the water, or a field-mouse venturing out of its hole, and catch them."

"Some hunters in Bengal killed a wild beast, which they left outside their tent; an hour afterward one of them saw a dark speck in the blue and cloudless sky. It seemed to be coming straight toward them. Soon they noticed other specks from different directions coming in the same course, and in less than an hour seventy vultures were there trying for a pick at the dead beast. Travelers in the East say that at Aleppo, which is so situated that it can be seen from a great distance, it is a common diversion to stand on the flat roof of the houses and make gestures as though scattering crumbs, and before you can account for it flocks of birds are swarming around, coming from somewhere out of space."

"One would think they couldn't see near-by things so well, but they seem to be equally good at far-sight, near-sight, and quick-sight."

I stopped for breath, but was hurried on again with a "What else? Tell us more!"

"Birds seem to be a barometer, a thermometer, a hygrometer, and an electroscope all in one. They give certain warnings for all the changes of weather. The sea birds, like the stormy petrels and gulls, know twenty-four hours beforehand when the ocean is going to roar and froth, lashing its angry waves in a storm. The raven and the nightingale both announce a coming tempest, and the chaffinch unmistakably tells the traveler to take his umbrella with him. Their notes at such times are entirely different from their ordinary ones. Then there is the bluebird, which never comes until spring is sure. We cannot tell how they know unless it be that they are very sensitive to the different currents, electric and otherwise, which move the air about them."

"The throats of birds are most wonderfully constructed for throwing out sound, which will really and truly penetrate farther than a lion's or a bull's roar."

"Two things birds cannot do well—smell and taste. Although they seem to be eating all the time, they are not at all particular what they eat. The song bird's especial business seems to be to eat seeds of weeds and destroy vermin on vegetation, and they do immense good. All birds have memory, and I will tell you two little stories to

prove it.

"A certain king of France got up a sham battle for the entertainment of the people. An old crow, who had seen battle, recognized the preparations and manœuvres of the parade. Now crows, like vultures, feast on dead things, so he informed his comrades of the feast in store for them. Hundreds of them came at his invitation, and hovered over the two camps, screeching and flying close to the combatants, and their anger, when they found there were no pickings for them, was beyond anything ever seen before, and the soldiers had to club them away from themselves. The other story is this: A cat caught a marten and ate it for breakfast. Two days after three martens attacked him, swooping down and striking him on the back of his head, and then wheeling off, arose and darted down again so quickly as to quite confuse him. At first Tom tried to catch them, but they were too quick. After a time they flew off, returning almost immediately with six others, who all wheeled down, pecked and darted off again. Tom scorned to retreat for nearly an hour, then seemed to feel that his position was not a good one, and went under the stoop, a bird getting a peck at his tail as he disappeared. Two of the martens had a nest under the eaves of the house. Two days after this attack Tom's sister was seen to cross the lawn, but the birds did not move. Soon Tom ventured out, when down swooped the birds, and, screaming loudly, pitched at poor Tom's sore head again until he was obliged to retreat. They knew the offender, although the two cats were so much alike they could hardly be known apart, and the revengeful little things evidently could not punish him enough for catching and eating their comrade."

—C. E. I., in Church Union.

Do Insects Suffer?

Mr. Moggridge, in his studies in Insect History had been in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones, that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp! The effect of the exhibition of love is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

My Serenade.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Just after the flitting of daylight,
Ere the shadow of night descends,
While the fires in the west are burning,
Then I look for my feathered friends.

I hear in the azure above me
A warble familiar and sweet,
The flutter of wings floating downward,
And the melody dies at my feet.

Again through the silence a warble
Breaks suddenly sweet on the ear,
And two robin redbreasts are pouring
Their souls out in cadences clear.

I turn with a sigh from the by-gone,
This fair happy scene fills the view,
My serenade ceases, and slowly
Night's shadow encircles the blue.

July, 1883.

—Massachusetts Ploughman.

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Auditors,—Samuel E. Sawyer, Wm. H. Baldwin.

Counselor,—Wm. Minot, Jr.

Prosecuting Agents at Boston Offices—Chas. A. Currier, Joseph Baker, Thomas Langlan.

Chief Clerk at Society's Office,—Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 unpaid agents throughout the country who report quarterly.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Humane Journal. Chicago.
Our Animal Friends. New York.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of Society for Protection of Animals and Plants. Havana, Cuba.
Yearly Reports of Silesian Central Society P. A., 1881-2. Breslau, Prussia.
Yearly Report of Society P. A., 1882. Bern, Switzerland.
Yearly Report of Society P. A., 1882. Nice, France.

Single Women.

A clever maiden lady once said that it was far better to be laughed at because you were not married than not to be able to laugh, because you were. There is sound logic in that. It is well for woman to marry if she meets a good, true man, who loves her, and whom she loves; if not, she had better remain single.

Perplexed Clergyman.

A clergyman had been invited to fill a vacant pulpit. He was the guest of a leading member, and his host said he hoped he would avoid saying anything in his sermon to offend Spiritualists, as there were many in the town who attended their church. While walking down the street, another light of the church was met, who hoped he would not say anything to offend the Universalists, as many of them attended their church. Just as he was entering the pulpit, one of the deacons button-holed him and said:—"The largest liquor dealer in town is here in his pew; I hope you will not find it necessary to refer to that business." The perplexed clergyman then inquired:—"What shall I preach about?" "Oh," replied the deacon, "give it to the Jews, they haven't a friend in town!"

Whatever makes men happier makes them better.

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in July.

Whole number of complaints received, 154; viz.: Beating, 13; overworking and overloading, 16; overdriving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 44; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 7; abandoning, 2; torturing, 5; driving when diseased, 5; general cruelty, 60.

Remedied without prosecution, 33; warnings issued, 58; not substantiated, 38; not found, 8; anonymous, 5; prosecuted, 12; convicted, 11; pending, 1, (viz., No. 453.)

Animals taken from work, 18; killed, 11.

Small animals killed by messenger, 54.

Receipts by the Society in July.**FINES.**

From Justices' Court,—Brookline, \$10.

District Courts,—First Bristol, two cases, \$25; Second Plymouth, \$5.

Municipal Court,—Brighton District, two cases, \$8.

Witness fees, \$6.30.

Total, \$54.30.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$20; B. F. Nourse, \$10; Mrs. J. M. Willcutt, \$10; Miss M. E. L'Hommieduc, \$4; Miss Cornelia Dow, \$2; Mrs. E. P. Millett, \$.60.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Miss Eliza Wagstaff, Charles Nash, Miss Elizabeth Nash, Capt. L. Howard Dassel, R. N. R., Miss P. W. C. Canfield, Mrs. E. A. Grothusen, L. M. A.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

David Simpson, A. T. Hollister, V., of Cambridge.

Total, \$84.60.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Penn. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$50; Mrs. S. R. Osgood, \$3; Mrs. M. P. Blackburn, \$2.75; H. Sterling, Secy., \$1.80; Rodney Dennis, \$1.25; M. B. Linton, 1.12; Miss Helen M. Mason, \$.90; Estate of Miss E. M. M. Wentworth, \$.67.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Rev. J. L. Marsh, Mrs. W. A. Robinson, Miss Helen Clark, J. Huff Jones, Zinc Collar Pad Co., D. F. Pollard, Robt. Hamilton, Miss M. S. Wheeler, Henry B. King, Mrs. O. T. Miller, Rev. E. A. Smith, A. T. Hollister, C. A. Gilmore, M. S. Root, Henry Prebasco.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Capt. L. Howard Dassel, R. N. R., Mrs. F. H. Beckwith, Mrs. M. Campbell, Mrs. R. C. Hall, Miss E. R. Brower, Miss Charlotte Bond, Mrs. Mary True.

Total, \$79.99.

OTHER SUMS.

Publications sold, \$24.58; Interest, \$385. Total, \$409.58.

Total receipts in July, \$628.47.

Paris Green.

A Springfield farmer has died in consequence of walking with bare feet, last year, through a potato field where Paris green had been used. The poison was communicated to his blood through some slight abrasion of the skin, and he has been dying a lingering death. First, one toe was amputated and then one leg, but all attempts at saving his life were futile. It is impossible to be too careful in the use of this deadly poison.

—N. Y. Witness.

What Brandy did to the Geese.

A farmer's wife in Germany, making some cherry brandy, found the fruit unsound, and threw the whole into the yard. Her ten geese ate them all, and became dead drunk. She had forgotten about the cherries, and when she found her geese all in the gutter she concluded they had been poisoned, and would not be good for food, so she picked all their feathers off for the market. What was her surprise to find the geese next morning alive, but cold and shivering! Let us hope she and the geese both learned a lesson, that cherry or any other kind of brandy will take the feathers off the backs of geese and the clothes off the backs of people.

Mamma—"Charlie, what in the world are you doing, sitting on Willie's head?" Charlie—"We're playing horse, mamma, and he's tumbled down; and I've got to sit on his head until he's quiet. But he won't keep quiet."

The Teacher

who spends six hours a day with my child spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of your office. Still less have I words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasm, the finest culture, the broadest charity, and the most devoted Christian purpose. A teacher should be the strongest and most angelic man or woman that breathes. No man living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune, no man living needs higher qualifications for his work.

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

And we add no man or woman deserves higher pay than the true, noble and excellent teacher.

—Ed.

A French lion tamer quarrelled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all round his tent. On being sorely pressed, he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "Oh, you contemptible coward!" she shouted, "come out if you dare!"

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.33 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane picture card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Selected Poems," 3.00 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lesson for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "
"New Order of Chivalry," by G. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "

All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

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All members receive "Our Dumb Animals" free, and all Publications of the Society.

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